

## CHARIVARIA.

WE hear authoritatively that there is so much difference of opinion as to whether Mr. CHAMP CLARK's annexation proposal was a joke or not that it has been proposed that a great conference of editors of comic papers be called together to decide this vexed question.

There is nothing like seizing an opportunity, and we admire Lord LANSDOWNE's shrewdness in offering REMBRANDT's "Mill" for sale at a moment when everyone is so interested in the question of bread-making.

Indeed we shall not be surprised to hear that a certain enterprising newspaper has decided to present the picture to the nation on the condition that the title be changed to "*The Daily Mail Ideal Mill*."

Welshmen have been asking that there shall be some emblem of the Principality on the new coinage. We understand that they would be satisfied with the addition of the head of the other GEORGE (Mr.).

LORD CHESTERFIELD has, we hear, been much congratulated on getting his armour back in time for the fight with the Commons.

We are glad to hear that there is some chance of the Private Member who fails to catch the SPEAKER's eye being catered for.

An enterprising publisher proposes to bring out a journal which will be devoted to the speeches which Members have in their pockets, but are never spoken. He hopes to recoup himself, not by the circulation, but by the fees which he would charge the contributors.

By the March Army Orders the identity discs issued to officers and men in war time are in future to be issued to the former in peace time. Our German friends, it will be remembered, were put to considerable trouble recently in identifying two of our officers who were engaged on research work in their country, and no doubt a complaint has been lodged with us as to this.

It seems an astonishing thing that

no one should have thought of dispersing the rioters outside the Théâtre Français by the use of the hose. "*Après moi—le déluge*," would have been peculiarly appropriate.

According to Professor THOMAS C. CHAMBERLAIN, of Chicago University, the world is now 400,000,000 years old. We consider that when it reaches its 500,000,000th year some sort of celebration ought to take place.

"Marriage," says *The Mirror*, "is cheaper than being engaged." That, we suppose, is why engagements not infrequently lead to matrimony.

"Is Spring-cleaning necessary?" asks a correspondent in *The Express*. We think so. Our Springs—and even

from the Southern Province, while the Archbishop of York read that from the Province of York."

The Kingston police took charge last week of an individual who was found, in a state of intoxication, with his sleeves rolled up, fighting a poster on a hoarding. As a sequel, we hear the Inebriates' Protection Society is about to issue an appeal to our leading poster artists begging them to be less realistic in their work.

The police records of Chicago prove that very few fat men are guilty of serious crimes. It is realised, we suppose, that to have any chance of escaping detection one must be very slim nowadays.

The dresses are the notable feature of the new Gaiety play, and there is some talk of changing its title to "*Clothes-Peggy*."

## HADES.

Our attention has been drawn to the following remarks, taken from a publication of the Underground Railways:—

"Mr. Punch has twice now commented upon the absence of time-tables upon the District Railway. The Company thinks that if he did it the honour of coming down to the Temple Station, the nearest to his address, at any moment of the day, he would not find the waiting sufficiently

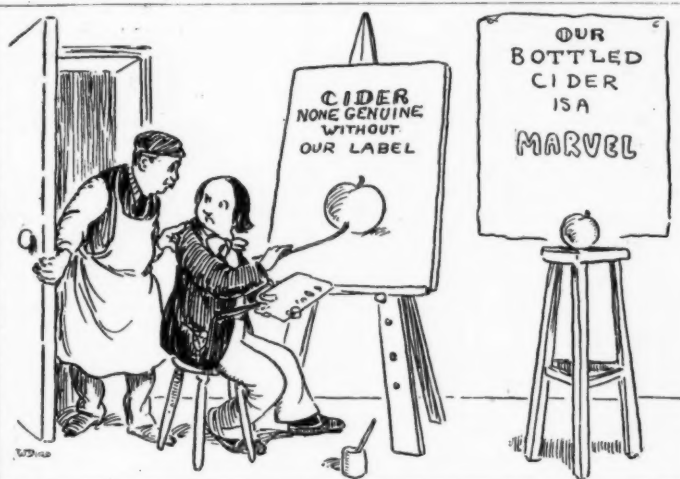
long that he should wish to add to its tediousness by deciphering a maze of figures. He would find a train in the station quicker than in the time-table."

Yes, but what kind of train?

If, as constantly happens, he wants to travel from the Temple to a station on the Wimbledon line, a Praed Street train is hardly any use to him, and even a Hounslow non-stopper affords him very little comfort.

Kicking his heels for boredom, he derives a very poor solace from the reflection that trains of some sort are pouring through the station too fast for the human eye to follow them in the time-table, if there were one.

Lucky Persephone in that other underworld of vague shadows! She at least had some means of finding out when her six months were likely to be up.



## TRADE SECRETS.

Foreman of Cider Factory (to Poster Artist): "THE GOVERNOR'S JUST STARTED MAKING THE CIDER AND HE WANTS THE APPLE."

our Summers—have been very dirty in recent years.

Burglars who broke into the Cobham village club took a bath before leaving. At the risk of hurting their feelings we feel bound to say that they probably could not have thought of a more effectual way of rendering themselves unrecognisable.

The suggestion has been made that, in order to get through the glut of Private Members' undelivered orations, the SPEAKER should allow two speeches to be made simultaneously. The experiment would appear to have been tried with success when KING GEORGE received deputations from the two Houses of Convocation the other day. "The Archbishop of Canterbury," says a contemporary, "read the address

### THE COCOA SCANDAL.

[The duty on manufactured cocoa, being proportionately in excess of the duty on the raw material, serves to protect the home industry, and therefore constitutes a scandal for Free Traders. A group of Liberal Members has recently approached the CHANCELLOR with a request for the removal of all duties on cocoa. *The Daily Chronicle*, while desirous that Liberal Governments should "continue to move in the direction of the Free Breakfast Table," would be content for the present if the duty on manufactured cocoa could be so readjusted as to eliminate this protective element. The cocoa trade itself, the same authority assures us, does not want Protection.]

SHALL it be said that we who buy and vend  
That beverage which the People soak owe  
Our bulging fortunes (gracious Heaven forfend!)  
To profits on protected cocoa?  
The thought would make our tender conscience bleed,  
It would indeed.

The past, of course, is passed; the sin is sinned;  
Nor can we wholly rectify it;  
But, for the future, whether loose or tinned,  
Let him who takes our temperate diet  
Be well assured it is for honest nibs  
He pays his dibs.

Meanwhile repentance for our gains ill-got  
Should seal the mouths of Tory mockers;  
And we have half a mind to pour the lot  
Into the Liberal Party's lockers,  
And so from off our 'scutcheon wipe the stain  
And start again.

The People's conscience, too, when down their neck  
Flows the brown stream, incurs a fracture  
To think that England puts a cruel check  
On the dear alien's manufacture;  
Cocoa, they claim, should have one equal law  
For cooked or raw.

This is the type that ought to breakfast free.  
But if the ideal cornucopia,  
Sprouting with sugar, chicory and tea,  
Still lurks in some far-off Utopia;  
If even Liberal voters can't be fed  
At nil per head;

If such a prospect shows a shade too pink—  
At least we'll let our proletariat  
Under the spreading Rowntree sit and drink  
An unprotected commissariat;  
With conscience free, *desipiant in loco*  
Over their cocoa.

O. S.

### STORIES FOR UNCLES.

(Being Extracts from the MSS. of a Six-Year Niece.)

#### THE ARMY OF THE STARS.

WE will not beginn about the arme of the Stars we will cum to it later becas I must ferst tell you about Ronald our heero wos a boy age 16 or 20 and as buteful as a rose or lilly he had a statu of hisself in his bedroom and sum lookin glarses (5) and his brushes wer made of gold for his father had left him a lott of munny more than a hunderd pounds so he wos very ritch and had many servints and all his lif was hapy sept for one thing witch our heero didnt like atal this wos that he had quarld with the Moon.

Now sum people like the Moon but Ronald didnt he thort she was tu sli cuming out after dark wen uther people hav gorn to bed and basides the Moon is orlwis pail and Ronald coudent bare pail people so he had a good quarl with the Moon and got in an awfil state about it becas he

didnt know wot to doo wen the Moon kept shining down on him evry nite and jest out of spite it wosent a harf Moon or a quartr Moon but a fool Moon all the time witch made it ever so werse.

One nite Ronald wos out warking with his girl frend Rose and they were torking about the carpets for thire new house and sudnly Rose sed wot is that and Ronald sed Im sure I dont no and they went on and loan bold it was a pore little star witch had falln out of the ski and hert hisself thire was a big bump on his forrid and he was neerly ded Ronald pikt him up and Rose gave him a pouder and he opend his eyes and said Ware am I and wen they told him he sed he had tripd up and falln thru a hole in the ski Ronald tuk him home and the nex morning the dokter kame to see him and wen he put out his tung the dokter sed he wos duin nisely and in a fu minits more he wos quit well. Of corse the star wos verry grattle and promsd to do all kinds of things for Ronald so that nite they all went for a wark together and Ronald told the star about his hating the Moon.

Thats alrite sed the star I hate the Moon tu and I think weer going to have a war agenst her sune the stars agenst the Moon.

Wont that be fun sed Ronald.

Haha sed the star I think its jest started hark.

And wen Ronald harked he herd the sound of drums and trumpts and canons roling round and round the ski and Rose herd it tu.

Then sudnly a bugil bugild and the star sed thire cuming to fetch you to help them.

Hurah cried our heero who wos verry brave and Rose cried hurah tu and wen they lookd agen they sor a rejment of stars warking down littel golden starstairs and the stars came to them and srounded them thire faces were littel stars with long gold hare and thire breasts were big stars with flags made of lite at evry point and they sluted with thire s ds and askd Ronald and Rose to cum and help them in thire terrible battel agenst the Moon.

Certainly sed Ronald but how can we get into the ski weer no good down here.

O sed the Genral I can manige that pick up that long stick orf the ground and you will find it turn into a magic lance witch will carre you both into the ski you can take my hand if you like.

So they tuk his hand and the magic lance carred them all up into the ski and in a minit they were all in the midel of the battel.

Our heero and Rose did grate deeds of valler agenst the Moon and all the stars were verry brave tu espeshly the fallen star what Ronald had pikt up he wos a Kurnel and wore a red unform with a silver helmit but at last they were all tu menny for the Moon and wen our heero pirsed her face with the lance she held up her sord to mean shed had nuff and wonted piece then they put her in prisen and kept her there till she promsd to be better in futecher Sune after this Ronald and Rose went back to the erth and held grate feesting amung thire vassils and all the srounding moniks came and feested with them Rose went back to starland and livd there wen her mother dide so they were never marrid and if you gessed they were youre rong.

"When Lord Decies of England married Vivien Gould it made him a fourth cousin of Osmer Leonard of Worcester."

*Worcester (N.Y.) Times.*

Some people have all the luck.

*The Globe* gives a terrible example of Draconian justice. At the Old Bailey, it tells us, a prisoner was "sent to penal servitude for ten pears." It seems a harsh sentence.



### NO FRIENDS LIKE OLD FRIENDS.

MR. PUNCH (to United Italy). "MADAM, MY MOST AFFECTIONATE CONGRATULATIONS. BRITANNIA AND I WERE THE FIRST TO SALUTE YOU AT YOUR DÉBUT."

[The Jubilee of the Unification of Italy is shortly to be celebrated. See *Punch* Cartoon, March 30, 1861.]







"AUNT MARY, THIS IS MY FRIEND, MR. SPIFFKINS."

"I'M SORRY, I DIDN'T QUITE CATCH THE NAME."

"MR. SPIFFKINS."

"I'M REALLY VERY DEAF; WOULD YOU MIND REPEATING IT?"

"MR. SPIFFKINS."

"I'M AFRAID I MUST GIVE IT UP—IT SOUNDS TO ME JUST LIKE 'SPIFFKINS.'"

#### MR. PUNCH'S LITERARY ADVERTISEMENTS.

##### VOX MEA.

WHEN, as a boy, I sat the student's stool,  
I was an alto (altos, as a rule,  
Are not abundant at a Public School).

I was a wonder even then. The folk  
Thrilled when I sang and marvelled when I spoke—  
And then, oh! horror, then it went and broke.

Stunned by the shock and muted for a space  
I held my peace—then blossomed forth a bass  
(Singing the treble when I lost the place).

Later, I figured in my college choir;  
My voice was all that any could desire,  
And formed, at times, a menace to the spire.

Each Sabbath morn I sing; and those who care  
To journey to St.-Swithin's-in-the-Square  
(Tube to South Kensington) may hear me there,

Joining in Anthem, Carol, Chant and Hymn  
(Ancient or Modern), with impartial *vim*,  
Much in the manner of the Seraphim.

My Muse by now has made it plain enough  
(Always supposing you have read the stuff)  
That I 've a voice that 's talented and tough.

This settled, I should like to intimate  
That it has never, or, at any rate,  
But seldom, been in such a happy state

As in the past few weeks. My inward springs  
Of song, my *glottis* and my vocal strings  
(Have you a *glottis*?—jolly little things),

All these have risen in a month or less  
To unknown heights of vigour and success.  
What is the reason for it? Can you guess?

You can't? Then listen. When the people dote  
On the perfection of my every note,  
Tell them it 's **PINKER'S PASTILLES** for the THROAT.

"Miss Stapleton Cotton . . . was married on Tuesday in the Private Chapel at Lambeth Palace to Viscount Hood . . . Viscount Hood was unable to be present through illness."—*Church Family Newspaper*.

No doubt they told him about it.

## THEORY AND PRACTICE.

"WHAT have you been doing since I saw you last?" asked Miss Middleton, as she dropped lumps of sugar thoughtfully into my tea. "One, two, three, four, five—that means she would if she could, but she can't. I expect she's engaged already. You'd better have one more." She dropped in another lump, explained that they were large cups, and asked her question again. "Besides working," she added as an after-thought.

"I've been learning something," I said.

"But how brave of you! *Don't* say it's the piano. Music lessons are such a bother."

"No, it isn't the piano. I finished learning that when I was a child."

"Is it something you can show me in here after tea?"

I looked round the room and considered.

"There's hardly space enough here," I said. "Not when I'm in form. It's golf, you know."

"Golf! Slow back, don't press, keep your eye on the ball. Hooray!"

"There's more in it than that," I remonstrated. "You've no idea what a lot of golden rules they've taught me. I'm full of maxims."

"I'll beat you. When will you play me? But I expect you're awfully good now. What's your handicap?"

"I worked it out at thirty-seven yesterday afternoon, but my caddie said I was playing a good eighteen. He also said his father was out of work and that this was only his third round that week. He seemed to be preparing the soil for something. I don't think I'm really eighteen."

"I expect you'd beat me, anyhow. I always get so excited when I'm playing a match. I'm best at friendly foursomes."

"I'm best in the bedroom before the looking-glass. When I get on the tee my mind suddenly becomes a perfect blank. I give a waggle or two just to show that I know the game, and then I lay my club-head carefully behind the ball and leave it there while I try to remember all the things I've been told to do. There's something with the body, and something with the arms, and something with the wrists, and something with the legs, and I stand there and think and think, and by-and-by I remember some of them, and then I have to concentrate on the things I've been told *not* to do. Sometimes on a very warm afternoon I stand there so long that I go to sleep."

"Oh, I just hit the ball as hard as I can at once," said Miss Middleton

confidently. "Or else miss it as hard as I can."

"Well, that's what I decide to do at last. And as I swing back, I think: 'I know I shan't hit it, I'm doing it all wrong, and I don't believe my left knee is a bit like the photographs.' And I catch a hasty glance at the left knee as the club comes down, and say to myself, 'Well, I may just as well go through with it now, and then I can have a really good drive at the *next* tee,' and my opponent says, 'Bad luck!' and to my great surprise the ball lands a whole fifty yards away."

"Eye on the ball, Sir."

"Yes, yes, I know. I wonder if it would help me if I wore blinkers?"

"Of course, the great thing," said Miss Middleton, "is confidence. If you *feel* you're going to hit the ball—"

"Nothing has ever happened on the previous tee to make me feel that."

"But you *must* be able to hit it sometimes, if I can."

"Yes, I do. Quite a lot of times. Now, in my round yesterday afternoon, out of twenty drives from the tee—"

"Oh, is yours a twenty-hole course?"

"You don't understand. Two of my drives were encored. Well, out of twenty shots I got in nine good ones,—but each one of those nine surprised me intensely."

"I don't think that matters. If one isn't surprised oneself, the others always are. I'm a bit surprised sometimes."

"Well, these perpetual surprises aren't good for the nerves. Anyway, they don't establish confidence."

"But you can always recover with an iron or something. I'm awfully good with an iron."

"Oh, yes, I recover all right. I never give in. For instance, I pulled the eleventh hole out of the fire yesterday when it seemed absolutely lost."

"Do tell me," said Miss Middleton, eagerly. "I know you do want to tell me, don't you?"

"I think you ought to hear. It may be a lesson to you. Well, he had the honour, and drove a very long ball out of sight. I sliced my drive into the tee box, had to take a niblick to get out, and laid my third dead on the tenth green. Then—"

"Did you say you had mistaken the flag?"

"I didn't. I took a brassie and got back on the tee again, and then had three beautiful iron shots which brought me up to him. That was seven, and my eighth landed me in an impossible position on the beach. You would probably have picked up at this point."

"I wouldn't," said Miss Middleton,

indignantly. "I love playing on the beach."

"Well, some people would. I didn't. I got to work with the niblick again. Meanwhile my opponent, who, I should have said, was conceding me a stroke, pulled his second on to the beach too. Fortunately—I mean unfortunately—he never found his ball. And so the hole was mine. Which so bucked me up that I did the twelfth in two."

I leant back and waited for the applause.

"Well done!" said Miss Middleton.

"Like the hare and the tortoise."

"Not at all," I said indignantly.

"Don't call me a tortoise."

"I'm sorry," said Miss Middleton, penitently. "I meant 'Boys of the bull-dog breed.'"

"Yes, that's it. Gritty Brit—British grit, that's what did it. The spirit which never knows when it is beaten."

"Were you beaten?"

"I won the bye. Many people let their grip of the game relax at the bye, but I stuck to it."

"I can see I shall have to play you," said Miss Middleton. "You mustn't get too successful. What about to-morrow?"

"Well, I did think of having a lesson to-morrow so as to find out again from my man all the things I mustn't do, so that I could write them out and paste them on the head of my driver. Then while I'm standing over the ball on the tee I can refresh my memory before swinging. But after what you've said I don't think I will."

"Oh, what have I said?"

"Why, that the great thing was to hit the ball. Blow the rules. I'll play you to-morrow, and I'll forget all about them, and just keep my eye on the ball and hit it."

"Oh, but you mustn't do that. That isn't fair."

I laughed and got up.

"You've done me a lot of good," I said, "and I shall beat you to-morrow. Thank you so much for listening to me."

"I wish I hadn't," said Miss Middleton nervously. "I *know* my swing's all wrong. Let me see, *what* is it you do with the left knee?"

A. A. M.

"Preston North End are to be asked what portion of the transfer fee was paid to D. McLean and to Edward Plain, the circumstances and reason of such payment."

*Manchester Evening News.*

Dear old Ed. Plain, the famous outside left, is often mistaken for his brother, Ex. Plain—particularly by compositors.

THE PIONEER.



She dressed herself in the latest mode,  
And left her house in the Brompton Road,



To popularise the harem kit,  
But she found that nobody noticed it.



And the ribald laughter she hoped to hear  
Never assailed her wakeful ear.



So she gave a street-boy twopence to scoff,  
But, just as the urchin was starting off,



A scandalized constable made a grab—  
And home she went in a taxi-cab.



And, being fed up with the whole affair,  
Adapted the thing for her husband's wear.



## THE MASTERPIECE OF THE AGE.

## I.—THE WHOLE BOILING.

LET us at once state that it is stupendous. It weighs several hundred-weight: enough to fortify the door of any reviewer against duns and writers. It is alphabetical: you have but to know how any subject on which you seek information is spelt and you will be instructed. Those students who cannot spell are advised to use it in collaboration with a dictionary.

Supposing, for example, that you find yourself in the same predicament as a famous man of old and need some facts on Chinese metaphysics. All you have to do is to swing the crane loose, adjust the chain to the volume containing China, set the machinery in motion, and deposit it on your desk. Then you apply the same process to the volume containing Metaphysics, and combine the information.

In short, no strongly built house should be without these instructive volumes, which have cost so much time and money in paper, ink, binding, advertising and public dinners, to say nothing of the hire of experts.

Finally we may remark that they make the purchasers of the previous edition, who were by no means few, look rather foolish. Let them, however, take heart and concentrate their thought on the state of mind of the purchasers of this edition when the next comes along, as surely it will, from the banks of the reverend Cam. While there is life there is hope—for a new *Encyclo. Britt.*

## II.—LITERATURE IN THE NEW EDITION.

By Prof. Claudius Clemgoss, D.Litt.

The literary articles in the superb work before us, which we are glad, indeed, to own, are without exception marvels of form, accuracy and sound judgment. We read them all at a sitting, and are now bulging with culture. If we have a criticism, it is that several of the writers seem to be singularly ill-equipped for their task. The author of the article on the BRONTËs, for example, seems to be totally unaware that Lord NELSON, whose title was, of course, NELSON and BRONTË, was poor CHARLOTTE's long lost brother, occupying the same close relationship to EMILY and ANN. Any ordinary student of the BRONTË family could have told him this. On the other hand, when he states that CHARLOTTE BRONTË wrote the early chapters of *Jane Eyre* in the upper room in "Eyre Arms," in the Finchley Road, he is merely making the wish the father to the

thought. Apart from these blemishes the article is magnificent and well worth the price of the whole edition, which, if we knew it, we would quote.

## III.—BILLIARDS IN THE NEW EDITION.

By Canon Diggle.

We have perused with the deepest interest the fascinating remarks on the great indoor game in the voluminous and meritorious work which recently stole into existence from the Cambridge University Press; but to our astonishment we can find no mention of the latest records of GEORGE GRAY, the marvellous boy who has completely eclipsed the fame of his namesake THOMAS. In an edition labelled "up to date" in every newspaper, this surely is a sad discrepancy. Of the difficulties of keeping abreast of the times from day to day we are aware, but surely the ingenuity of the set of men who have invented so many devices for advertising their wares could have hit on some means of altering the figures in the billiard article for the benefit of subscribers, e.g. a circular posted to each one every morning with the latest records on some "stop press" system. It is not my province to teach, merely to censure.

## IV.—ART IN THE NEW EDITION.

By Roger Loose Hind.

Whatever one may say of the solidity of these wonderful volumes, there cannot be two opinions as to their value. They stand alone. We have tried the experiment with each volume and proved it. Whether or not the best man has been obtained for each article is a point we should prefer to leave to them to decide. The experts are well known; their addresses are in *Who's Who*; and if the Editor overlooks them his be the blame and penalty. But it is not so much the maladroit selection of writers in this otherwise glorious work, which we are delighted to possess, as the omissions that are so distressing. We turn to M. hoping to find that superb genius, MATISSE, but in vain. And yet his "Woman with the Green Eyes" will undoubtedly be a living force when all TURNER's golden visions are forgotten. Just think of giving no column—or indeed columns—to a man whose work would honour any pavement, we care not where it is. But this, after all, is only a trifle. The work as a whole is a triumph. Nothing mars the contributions on art but a totally false view of what art has been, is, and should be. Everyone should purchase a complete set.

## V.—MUSIC IN THE NEW EDITION.

By Sir Sandow Donald, Mus.Doc., and Professor Newman Sloggs.

There can be no doubt that, whether we look at the length of the articles or their weight, nothing like them has yet been seen in any similar work. Some captious critic may be inclined to cavil at the fact that ninety columns have been assigned to the Piccolo, while WAGNER is disposed of in ten. The absence of a portrait of Madame AINO ACKTÉ and the omission of the fee received by RICHARD STRAUSS for conducting at the opening of Messrs. WANAMAKER's new building in New York are unfortunate oversights; and the inclusion of MENDELSSOHN, while no mention is made of Mr. CLUTSAM or Lord TANKERVILLE, is distinctly unpatriotic. Still, when all deductions have been made, the work has been done in a way calculated to stagger musical humanity. Anything more gloriously illuminative than the illustrations to Miss Porringer's article on the Contra-Pontoon cannot easily be imagined, while Dr. Slithy's monograph on the prospective plagiarisms of Orlando Lasso is a masterpiece of remorseless erudition.

"We gather from the *Crewkerne Advertising Sheet* that there has been some friction between the Urban District Council and Mr. A. H. HUSSAY, the lay rector, as to the organisation of the local Coronation festivities. "I fear," writes a correspondent to the paper, "after the insult offered to Mr. Hussey that the Coronation will be a fiasco." However, there is a rumour in London that in spite of this risk it will still be proceeded with.

"Speaking at the Plymouth Library lecture on Saturday, Mr. Arthur Spurgeon said that though their great Devonshire novelist, Mr. Philpotts, had been influenced by Mr. Thomas Hardy, he had struck out a line of his own. . . . To be quite candid, Mr. Eden Philpotts's books would not be admirable for Sunday School prizes."—*Western Evening Herald*.

At least, he would have to strike out a few more lines first.

"Twelve Pure Buff Orpington Eggs (hens), 3s., carriage paid."

Add. in "*Devon and Exeter Gazette*."

We guessed hens at once.

£100,000  
FOR A PICTURE  
ILLUSTRATED.

"*Daily News*" Contents Bill.

We prefer them so, at that price.





Guide (showing Addison's monument in Westminster Abbey to Tourist Party). "THIS IS HEDDISON'S MONUMENT."  
Superior Person. "OH—AH! I KNOW; THAT'S THE LIGHTHOUSE FELLOW."

### SALLY SLUGABED.

#### A MORAL TALE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

"GET up, you lazy, good-for-nothing child!" cried Sally's mother one foggy November morning. But Sally only grunted and turned herself over for another half-hour's sleep. The same thing happened every day. Her sisters were always down punctually at half-past seven, and took breakfast with their dear father, who had to leave for the City at eight. And thus they enjoyed to the full the benefit of his valuable conversation and his searching questions, and listened carefully while their mother sought to inform him why his egg was hard boiled, and why the kidneys were underdone, and whether she called that coffee. But Sally, who could not be made to see how good the early morning air was for the mind, missed all this, and came down regularly at ten o'clock in an aggravatingly good temper; and her bath was always hot.

On this foggy November morning Sally's mother, who was called Mrs. Weston (after her husband), was especially annoyed, because the sweep, who

had been ordered for six, had not turned up till nearly 7.30, so Mr. Weston had had a cold and sooty breakfast, and his conversation had been even brisker than usual. But by the time Sally came down the fires were alight and everything was shipshape.

"Do you realise, you improvident child," said her distressed mother, "how many years of your life you are wasting by such conduct? Susie has just worked it out, and it comes to nearly forty days a year."

"But you know, Mama," answered Sally, "I am always willing to stay up extra late in order to make up for it. And I am sure that at night Papa is much—"

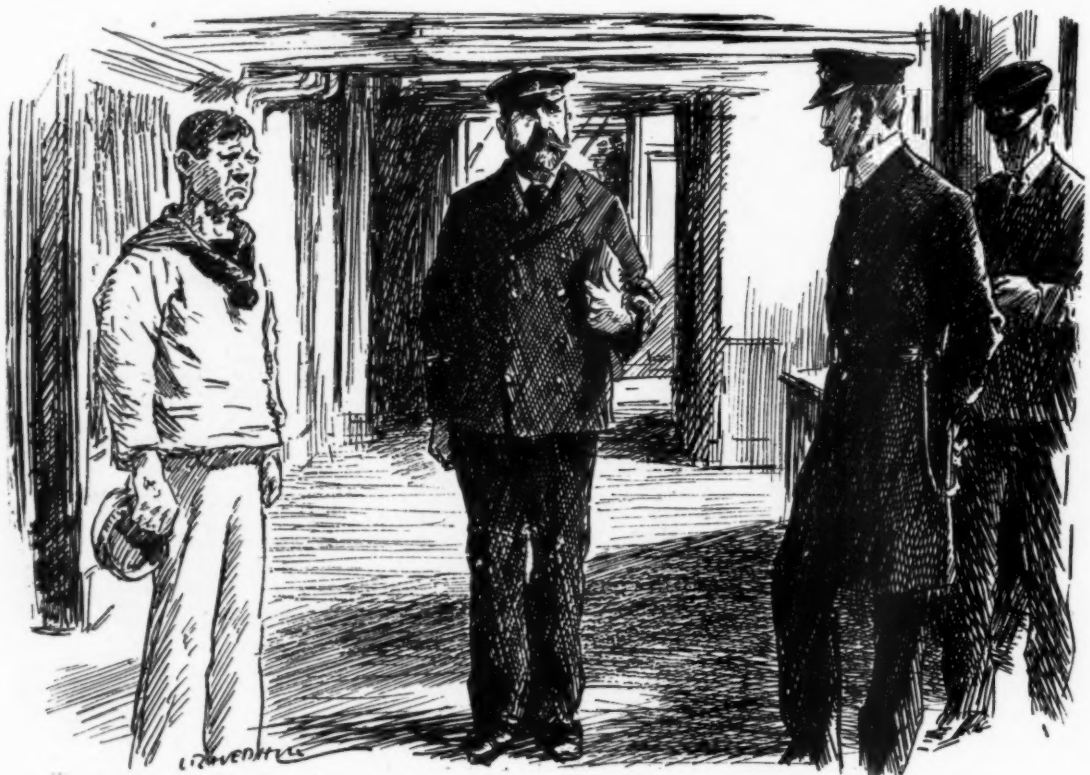
"That will do," said Mrs. Weston hastily. "Miss Pinker is waiting for you in the schoolroom."

In the schoolroom Sally was immediately made to declare ten times in her best writing that the early bird caught the worm; for, try as she would, she could not get her governess to understand that there was another side to the question, and that the late worm avoided the early bird. "Little girls,"

said Miss Pinker severely, "are not worms; *they* have no early bird to avoid." "But what about Papa?" asked Sally.

But after a time she grew tired of her mother's lectures and her governess's ideas about early birds. So one day she announced that she was going to turn over a new leaf and not waste any more of the precious morning hours. Everybody was overjoyed to hear this, and next morning, true to her word, Sally got up at six o'clock, went downstairs, and commenced practising her scales with the loud pedal down. In ten minutes' time Mr. Weston entered the room in his dressing-gown, picked his daughter up in his arms, carried her to her bedroom, and locked her in.

After that there were no more lectures, and Miss Pinker was asked to get a new set of copy-book maxims. But I am sure that Sally, who is now grown up and still as great a slugabed as ever, will never marry a nice earnest young curate, as her sister Susie did last year; and I, for one, shall have no sympathy for her if she doesn't.



*Commander.* "WHAT'S HIS CHARACTER APART FROM THIS LEAVE-BREAKING?"

*Petty Officer.* "WELL, SIR, THIS MAN 'E GOES ASHORE WHEN 'E LIKES; 'E COMES OFF WHEN 'E LIKES; 'E USES 'ORRIBLE LANGUAGE WHEN 'E'S SPOKEN TO; IN FACT, FROM 'IS GENERAL BE'AVIOUR 'E MIGHT BE A OFFICER!"

### TO METHUSELAH.

[One of the giant tortoises at the Zoo is supposed to be about 250 years old. During his winter retirement the authorities are sometimes in doubt as to whether he is dead or merely in a trance.]

COME from the hole where the dark days drew thee,  
Wake, Methuselah! Wag thy tail!  
Sniff the snare of the winds that woo thee,  
Sun-kissed cabbage and sea-blown kale.  
To the salted breath of the sea-bear's grot  
And the low sweet laugh of the hippopot  
Wake, for thy devotees can't undo thee  
To see if thou really art live and hale.  
Leap to life, as the leaping squirrel  
Flies in fear of the squirming skink;  
Gladden the heart of the keeper, TYRRELL;  
Give Mr. Pocock a friendly wink!  
Flap thy flippers, O thou most fleet,  
As 'once-in joyance of things to eat;  
Bid us note that thou still art virile,  
And not imbibing at Lethe's brink.  
Art thou sleeping, and wilt thou waken?  
Hast thou passed to the Great Beyond,  
Where the Arctic Auk and the cavernous Kraken  
Frisk and fiddle with all things fond;  
Where the Dodo fowl and the great Dinornis  
Roost with the Roc and the Aepyornis,  
Where the dew drips down from the tree-fern shaken  
As the Pismire patters through flower and frond?

Art thou sleeping, adream of orgies

In sandy coves of the Seychelle Isles,

Or where in warm Galapagos gorges

The ocean echoes for miles and miles?

Of sun-warmed wastes where the wind sonorous

Roared again to thy full-mouthed chorus,

Far from bibulous Bills and Georges

That smack thee rudely with ribald smiles?

Dost thou dream how, a trifling tortoise,

The hot sun hatched thee in shifting sand,

Before the wrongs that the Roundheads wrought us

Set OLIVER CROMWELL to rule the land?

Of an early courtship, when PYM and his carls

Were making things lively for good KING CHARLES?

Not one left of them! *Exit sortus*

(HORACE), but thou art still on hand.

Grant, thou monarch of eld, a token

Of blood new-fired with the fire of Spring;

For the crowbar's bent and the pickaxe broken

With which we endeavoured to "knock and ring."

At the warm love-thrill of the Spring's behest

That biddeth the mating bird to nest,

Wake to the word that the wind hath spoken,

Wake, old sportsman, and have thy fling!

ALGOL.

The sculptor of the Edinburgh Memorial of the late Mr. GLADSTONE is Mr. PITTENDRIGH MACGILLIVAG. He is said to be a Scotsman.



### A PERFECT "SITTER."

REFORMING PEER. "WANT A MODEL?"

H. H. ASQUITH, R.A. "NO, THANKS; I FIND I WORK SO MUCH BETTER WITH THE LAY FIGURE."

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**ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.**

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

*House of Commons, Monday, March 6.*  
—Relations between two Houses, long topic for animated controversy, threaten to be settled in novel fashion. Remnants left of either assembly will be removed to hospital beds, where, under due restraint, conversation may be continued. The "wedding awa" which goes on owing to break-down in health already considerable. In the Commons to-night we have no SPEAKER and no CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. The Lords lament the absence of the

LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION and the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA. Paceduring last few years evidently too fast. What with annual General Election, autumn sessions, Party meetings in private houses, succession of crises in both political camps, individual breakdown of leaders inevitable.

Meanwhile SWIFT MACNEILL bears up bravely. For keeping a sound mind in a sound body nothing like windmill action with the arms when speech-making. Seems to circulate the blood and clarify the brain. Additional attraction lent to his interposition by its unexpectedness. When old Members observe him enter with a

section of contents of Library in his arms they know he is about to settle some musty question of constitutional practice. What they don't know, and whereat they wonder is, where will he come in? On what peg will he hang his learned ruling?

This afternoon broke out in quite unforeseen place. DOUGLAS HALL had on Paper innocent-looking but subtly framed question suggesting that discussion of Committee stage of Veto Bill should not proceed in Commons until LANSLOWNE'S Bill reforming House of Lords had been introduced in another place. SWIFT MACNEILL'S piercing eye discovered in enquiry infringement of independence and privilege of House of Commons. In support of this thesis he, interposing between HALL and PRIME MINISTER, read at considerable length an essay on

Constitutional question. Had he gone straight on, enquiry would have reached proportions of ordinary speech. But at end of first seven minutes there were cries of "Order!"

Putting aside his manuscript, the Professor of Constitutional and Criminal Law at King's Inns, Dublin, turned and faced the interrupter, addressing to him a few cautionary remarks. Returning to the essay, he suggested that perhaps it would be convenient if he began again at the beginning. A howl of despair rising from the throat of Ulster seated above the Gangway, the lineal descendant of

not be put and answered." "The answer is," promptly responded the PRIME MINISTER, "that I cannot give any such undertaking."

The brevity of this matter-of-fact reply to stupendous discourse greatly amused Assembly quickest in the world to see a point.

*Business done.*—In Committee on Supplementary Estimates.

*Tuesday.*—Few Members of Government exceed HOBHOUSE in regularity of attendance at Question time. Financial Secretary to Treasury is the Ministerial maid-of-all-work. If any of his colleagues be absent on business or

through indisposition, he reads Answers to Questions drafted by Department concerned. Much to the fore of late owing to slack attendance of LLOYD GEORGE for reasons everyone deplores. This habit made more striking emptiness of corner seat on Treasury Bench usually filled by him. Explanation forthcoming when Question 13 was reached, and Member for King's County was called on.

"Postponed by request," explained hon. Member.

The House, turning with one consent to see what the Question might be about, found in its terms sufficient reason to put to flight the doughtiest Secretary to the Treasury.



HORATIO THE "CORNER-MAN."

(MR. BOTTOMLEY spoke of himself as the "Corner-Man" of the Liberal side.)

the last JOHN MACNEILL, Laird of Bowry, of Speaker LENTHALL of the Long Parliament (hence the lengthy question), and of DEAN SWIFT's uncle and guardian, folding his arms, turned upon Captain CRAIG and the Member for North Armagh a look in which sorrow, indignation and pity were eloquently mingled. As for DOUGLAS HALL, who had put the original Question, his existence was by this time absolutely forgotten.

Having shrivelled up the guilty Ulster Members, SWIFT MACNEILL, profiting by effect of threat to read his paper all over again from the beginning, was allowed to reach its portentous conclusion in comparative silence.

Two little touches of comedy followed upon tragic interlude. DEPUTY SPEAKER remarked, "I do not see any reason why the Question on the Paper should

FRANCIS MEEHAN asked HOBHOUSE "whether he would state on what grounds Margaret Haste, of Banagher, Fivemilebourne, Sligo district, No. 292, was deprived of an old age pension notwithstanding the fact that her age was found in the Census of 1851 to be ten years, and on further search in the Record Office she was shown to be two years of age in 1841?"

From the first been some astounding evolutions in Ireland in connection with Old Age Pensions. Passing of Act revealed to amazement of mankind unprecedented proportion of the community whose life had passed limit of threescore years and ten. Here was a new and, by reason of its definiteness, a more difficult problem. It is only in Ireland that a child two years of age in 1841 should be aged ten in 1851. As SARK, who otherwise gives up the

puzzle, says, this early episode in the life of MARGARET illustrates old saying about "the more haste the less speed." MARGARET lost two years in a decade.

HOBHOUSE thinking the matter out in solitude of his office at the Treasury. Mr. MEEHAN not to be put off. Will repeat Question on return of SECRETARY. Answer looked forward to with keen interest.

*Business done.*—Working off odds and ends of last year's Budget.

*House of Lords, Thursday.*—Through the week noble Lords have been as sheep without shepherds. By sad coincidence leaders on both sides confined to room by illness. To LANS-  
DOWNE period of enforced retirement exceptionally provoking. But for misadventure he would this week have found opportunity for introducing scheme of reform of House of Lords, the well-considered proposal of a united enthusiastic Party.

Sadder still fate of gallant Captain of scanty Ministerial squadron. Literally stricken down in full stride of strenuous, successful career, he has been carried off the battle-field amid deepest regret, profoundest sympathy of contending hosts.

Leader of overwhelming majority, LANS-  
DOWNE has his difficulties, not less embarrassing because many are, more or less successfully, concealed from public gaze. In his capacity of spokesman of what numerically is a miserable minority, CREWE's position is one of recurrent humiliation. Representative of a Government omnipotent in the other House, he from day to

may be raised by LEADER OF THE House.

This a state of things searing to the soul. Lord CREWE has faced it with a serenity of temper, an invulnerable patience, an unfailing urbanity which, whilst endearing him to his own party, has extorted the admiration of his political opponents.



The Veteran Viscount MORLEY takes over the command of the "Thin Red Line" in the House of Lords in the thick of the fighting. (As a little extra he also resumes control of the India Office.)

*Business done.*—Commons still at work on Money votes.

### THE HERO SPEAKS.

#### THE NEWSPAPER'S VERSION.

MR. JOSEPH BINKS received our representative courteously during the quiet hour following his evening meal. "Little did I think," he remarked, "as I proceeded to my daily labour yesterday morning, that I was to pass through experiences so overwhelming in their intense excitement and so fraught with deadly peril. I perceived smoke issuing from the upper windows of No. 973, Brabazon Terrace, and in a flash something told me that the place was on fire. 'Heavens!' I exclaimed; 'there are people sleeping there, little dreaming of the danger that threatens them. Perhaps helpless children!' Divesting myself of my coat, I burst open the front door without waiting on ceremony, and rushed up the stairs, calling 'Fire!' as I ran. The top landing was in a blaze; the fumes of the burning woodwork well-nigh choked me; but on I went. A cry, the cry of a frightened woman, assailed my ears, and I leapt in the direction from whence it issued. . . . Hastily wrapping a

blanket about her, I picked her up, none too gently, I fear, and started to return. But, horrors! the stairs had fallen in one blazing mass. A veritable inferno roared beneath us. The window was our only chance. But the cruel flames were already licking the paint from the sashes. However, gripping my charge as in a vice, I crept cautiously . . . ." and so on.

#### WHAT THE HERO REALLY SAID.

"That's me, mister—W'ich paper?—No, never 'eard of it; always reads *The Star* myself.—Yus, I did.—Yus.—Yus.—No, left-'and side, goin' towards the 'Igh Road.—Yus.—Well, if you like to put it that way, I s'pose it was.—Yus.—Yus, wot you might call a bit 'ot.—Oh, yus!—Not 'arf!—Yus.—That's right.—Yus.—Well, thank 'ee, Sir; don't mind if I do!"

#### THE KNEEBAGS.

Now Herbert Preeps was kind and stout,  
And nothing seemed to put him out.  
And Herbert Preeps was stout and kind;  
His golden rule was "Never mind."

He was not in the least enraged  
To find that he had got engaged.

Where you'd have been intensely riled,  
He merely stroked his chin and smiled.

He chose the ring and paid for it,  
And did not care a little bit.

He simply went on smiling still,  
And asked no discount off the bill.

The queerest coif, the largest hat,  
The worst and most appalling spat

Did not avail an inch to stir  
His spleen. He said, "It pleases her."

But oh! how reckless women are;  
Of course she went a step too far,

And wore a Harem-scarum skirt.  
Yes, then at last her Herb was hurt.

Where you'd have been content to scoff,  
The placid Preeps, he broke it off.

A drastic measure? Ah, but note  
The covering letter which he wrote:—

"Whatever sort of dress you wore,  
I never was annoyed before;

For well I knew that women's clothes  
Were things I could not be supposed"—

(The man was cross. He had no time  
To excavate a better rhyme)—

"Supposed, I say, to understand,  
But trousers, on the other hand,

"I am acquainted with. At least,  
I think you might have had them  
creased."



#### THE ATTITUDE OF THE LABOUR PARTY.

"Carry the Parliament Bill?—Rather."

"Honestly carry out the pledges of the preamble?—Never!!!"

day throughout the Session is made conscious of absolute, unmitigated, helplessness. The Government may propose; the Opposition dispose. On the other hand, a Bill or motion submitted from other side, even if it do not receive unqualified support from Front Opposition Bench, will be carried in spite of whatsoever protest or appeal

### HOW TO HUMANIZE THE LANDSCAPE.

THE proposal to commemorate the ninetieth birthday of the PRINCE REGENT OF BAVARIA by carving a mountain into the semblance of a colossal statue representing the venerable ruler has naturally led to the formulation of an immense number of similar schemes in this country.

Thus subscriptions are being actually solicited at this moment for a fund to celebrate the five-hundredth retirement of Lord ROSEBURY from public life by moulding the summit of Primrose Hill into a gigantic representation of his Lordship's finely-modelled cranium.

Again, theatrical circles are stirred to their depths by a brilliant idea for commemorating in fitting fashion the purchase, by Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, of his ten thousandth pair of trousers for histrionic purposes. It is proposed that on the cliffs at Holyhead a huge full-length portrait of the illustrious actor-manager should be executed in the living rock, facing St. George's Channel (to be henceforth known as George's Strait), and typifying to all time the adamant creaselessness of those historic nether garments which have moved so many millions to tears and laughter.

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., whom Mr. HEALY in a moment of affectionate ecstasy once called "a rare Pat of butter," has never had his statue erected in or out of his native isle. The recent appearance in his magazine of his ten-millionth article, entitled "The Moral Beauty of Back-scratching," has suggested to the innumerable admirers of his luscious *bonhomie* how imperatively necessary it is to imprint upon the landscape the adorable lineaments of the universal lubricator of modern life. It has accordingly been proposed that a monstrous portrait of Mr. O'CONNOR should be traced on Ireland's Eye, and that the space so covered should be sown exclusively with buttercups.

It has often excited surprise that the possibilities for landscape portraiture presented by the chalk downs should be almost entirely monopolised by the equine tribe. A judicious novelty will shortly be inaugurated on the occasion of the appearance of Sir HENRY HOWORTH's twenty-thousandth small-print letter in *The Times*, when his friends have arranged that a portrait of that indefatigable epistolary gladiator, mounted on a mammoth, shall be scraped on the hill-side at Boreham.

A very touching act of homage has recently been paid to Mr. BRAM STOKER. Simultaneously on the links at Stoke



Liza. "I 'EAR SALL'S GIVE YER THE CHUCK—AH'S THAT?"

Bill. "BIT OF A RAH DAHN THE COURT. I BIFFED 'ER ONE ACROST THE FICE FOR COMIN' BETWEEN ME AN' 'ERB WOT WAS SCRAPPIN'!"

Liza. "WELL I NEVER! BUT THERE, THE COURSE O' TRUE LOVE NEVER RUNS SMOOTH, DO IT?"

Poges and Bramshott two new pot bunkers, cut so as to represent the Olympian head (in profile) of the eminent novelist and impresario, have been dug in celebration of his fiftieth interview with Sir OLIVER LODGE on the Psychical Significance of Vampires.

The subscribers of *The Daily Chronicle* have resolved to commemorate the forthcoming natal anniversary of the famous art critic of that journal in a graceful way by fiddling the Devil's Punch-bowl on Hindhead with ginger-beer, for the benefit of the artistic youth of the neighbourhood. Lord HINDLIP

has kindly consented to unloose the first cork and unveil a suitable post-impressionist frieze, carved on the Punch-Bowl.

The splendid cliffs of Cape Clear are shortly about to receive an immense enhancement of their beauty by the conversion of a great pillar of rock into a colossal statue of Sir W. ROBERTSON NICOLL in the costume of the EMPEROR CLAUDIUS. The completion of the statue will, it is hoped, coincide with the discovery, by Sir W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, of the fiftieth first-rate Kail-yard genius since he first created Mr. BARRIE in *The British Weekly*.



## AT THE PLAY.

## "THE LILY."

I HAVE to complain, but not bitterly, of two fly-leaves inserted in my Kingsway programme—one giving favourable extracts of press-notice of *The Lily*, the other setting forth typical menus of a neighbouring restaurant, where luncheons and dinners may be obtained at reasonable charges. Now I am prepared for the simple indication of an address where I can get supper after the play, but I hardly ever lunch or dine after 11 P.M. Besides, a critic might easily mix up these two insertions to the confusion of his judgment. Thus, when I read *The Daily Mail's* statement—"Held the house in its grip"—in conjunction with *The Pall Mall Gazette's* comment—"Cheers at the finish"—I thought that something must be wrong with the "Grilled Chump Chop of Lamb"; and when I perused *The Star's* critique—"Invigorates like mountain air. Fill your lungs with it"—I could not help feeling that, if the reference was to the "Braised Duckling Fermière," the lungs were the wrong place for it. However, to the play.

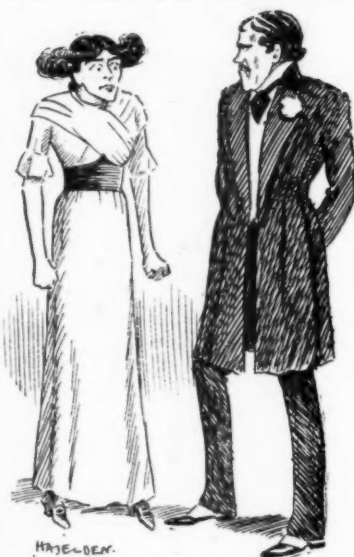
"Lo! the lilies of the field,  
How their leaves instruction yield!"

This flower of our childhood's hymnals has nothing in common with *The Lily* of Great Queen Street, except that each of them declines to be a spinster. "Lily" is apparently the recognised term for a woman who is expected to spend her life in ministering to the comforts of a selfish and dictatorial parent and gets no social opportunity of escaping a perpetual maidenhood. Such conditions are likely enough to encourage secretiveness, and one can well understand how a girl in this position, foiled of her proper chances of finding a husband in her own class, might contrive a clandestine marriage with an undesirable person. This scheme would have sufficiently served the authors' purpose, but they preferred to overstate their case by making their "Lily" contract a liaison with a married man.

The First and Last Acts are moderately futile, but the Second and Third—the Second in particular—have some really excellent stuff in them. One was given a very effective impression of the ménage at the château, and the plot for decoying the lover was freshly laid. For a modern play, however, adapted to English tastes, it suffers from a leading motive—the idea that the sole end of woman is to get herself married—which seems strangely out of touch with the times.

MR. LAURENCE IRVING, as the egoist parent, gave a quite admirable character-study, treating every detail with the very nicest artistry. He knew exactly what to do and what to leave undone. His one blemish was the miserable cloth cap which the old dandy wore over his dyed locks in the Last Act. It looked as if it had been borrowed from a scene-shifter.

MISS GERALDINE OLLIFFE was delicately true to nature in her interpretation of a patient daughter and devoted elder sister. Unhappily the authors had laid themselves out to supply her and her sister with a long and exhausting tirade apiece, in which their pent-up grievances found an expression which was too much both for me and their father. I liked Miss MABEL HACKNEY



(*Comte de Maigny* to *Christiane*). "Lilies of the house of de Maigny do not look at their parents like that. Henceforth you are no daughter of mine!"

MISS MABEL HACKNEY and MR. LAURENCE IRVING.

(*The Lily*) better in her quiet deceitfulness than in the terrific outburst of candour which was meant to be the clou of the play. MR. ARTHUR LEWIS had an easy and grateful part as everybody's friend and counsellor, and did it very comfortably. As *Arnaud*, a French artist (with complications), MR. RUPERT HARVEY had the most saintly air of celibacy that I have ever yet observed among the spoilers of innocence.

I confess that I was surprised at the excellence of much of the play, though there were things in it which I did not quite grasp, as, for instance, how it was that, with a widowed parent whose irregular habits must have frequently called him away to the capital,

his daughters had not utilised these interludes for a little social amusement at the château on their own account, which might have led up to a chance of matrimony, if that was what they wanted so badly. And I was also a little troubled by the abruptness of some of the transitions, as when two visitors, immediately on their arrival, sat down and played, at nobody's request, a duet for voice and harp. O. S.

## ART NOTES.

THE absence of so many peers from England at this moment is due to the circumstance that they are scouring the Continent in the hope of picking up cheap Old Masters which they can offer to American millionaires at greatly enhanced figures.

The advertisement of Mr. Hiram L. Flinkers, the multi-millionaire of Cincinnati, in a recent issue of *The Times* may have escaped general notice, but enough interested persons saw it to serve Mr. Flinkers' purpose. It ran thus:—

To Noblemen.—American collector requires heirlooms. Must have family history attached.—Apply, etc.

It is understood that in response to this appeal a number of applications for permission to sell historic heirlooms will shortly be before the Courts. Everyone must be glad that so much lumber is in the way of quickly being translated into that currency which procures such real necessities of life as motor cars, suppers, &c.

Lord Slough of Despond has just successfully negotiated the sale of the famous Hals which has long been the glory of his ancestral seat. Lord Slough of Despond, being nothing if not patriotic, on receiving the offer of £300,000 from Mr. Slick, of Pittsburg, at once replied, with rare self-sacrifice and thoughtfulness, that the American connoisseur could have it at that figure only if England did not come forward to buy it at a reduction of £1,000 within three days of the offer. The money not being forthcoming, the picture is now on its way to Mr. Slick's palace in 687th Street.

Mr. Elihu Z. Bird, who has been called the Lorenzo dei Medici of Seattle, differs from his fellow American virtuosi. His idea is to acquire pictures from the private collections of none but Trustees of the English National Gallery. This circumstance, he says, should lend piquancy to his Art Museum.





*Heavy-handed Sportsman.* "I WONDER IF THIS SILLY BRUTE WILL DOUBLE IT THIS TIME OR FLY THE LOT."

*The Horse.* "I WONDER IF THIS SILLY FOOL WILL HANG ON BY MY MOUTH THIS TIME, OR FALL OFF ALTOGETHER."

#### LINES ON SEEING SOME CORONETS DISPLAYED IN A PICCADILLY WINDOW.

YE radiant mysteries, that do engird  
The lordly crumpets of the Upper Ten,  
Ye that at last are openly preferred  
Before the awe-struck gaze of common men,  
That seldom greet the air  
Save in the hallowed precincts of Big Ben,  
Much have I longed to know ye as ye were,  
Nor dreamed to find ye so entrancing and so fair.  
For ye are ever awfully remote.  
Oft have I seen you on the bellying side  
Of some barouche, and, stooping, paused to gloat—  
Braving the flunkey's supercilious pride—  
To stand, with low-doffed hat,  
To look my fill, yet not be satisfied;  
'Twas an abiding joy to gaze thereat,  
And yet, compared with this, how paltry and how flat.  
For ye are beautiful beyond all dream,  
And in all detail admirably graced;  
Yon ermine, how it helps the general scheme;  
Those silvern orbs, how elegant in taste;  
Yon cap (if cap it be)  
Of ruddiest crimson, how extremely chaste;  
These with their golden circlet blend, ah me,  
To a harmonious whole I had not thought to see.  
And you, O peers, that from your chariot wheels  
Spatter my trouserings with London's mire,  
Whose nose of purest aquiline reveals,  
For the low herd that write themselves Esquire,

A bland and high disdain  
So great that some, with wormy souls afire  
(Being annoyed), have thrilled and thrilled again  
With thoughts it ill befits the meek to entertain.  
I, too, have murmured at you heretofore,  
But not so now; that you contemn the crowd  
Pains me, but it surprises me no more.  
He that has been so spaciouly endowed  
Were but a blithering ass  
To ape humility and not be proud,  
Knowing how justly he must needs surpass  
All of us meaner flesh that are, at best, but grass.  
Nay, there is more. Time was, I would pretend  
To view you with a self-defensive scorn  
(Poor mockery!)—that, too, is at an end;  
To-day I feel strange itchings, newly-born,  
Myself to be a peer,  
If the good gods might so exalt my horn;  
Only to own these gauds of stately cheer,  
Even tho' packed away, methinks were passing dear.  
Yet, no. God-gifted tho' you be and blest,  
Let me retain my poor and meagre lot;  
'Tis true no glittering bauble gilds my crest,  
But you, that have the same, may wear it not.  
I, being low in style,  
Am well content with hats—the simple pot;  
But you, O lordings, truly it were vile  
To own a coronet and have to wear a tile.

DUM-DUM.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN a Preface to her latest hook, *A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands* (HUTCHINSON), Mrs. HUGH FRASER anticipates that "some excuse will surely be demanded for giving so much space to the opening chapters of my life in these volumes." This is a mistake born of modesty. The most delightful portion of the work is, happily, the more extensive section, that which deals with the childhood, girlhood and unmarried life of a charming lady. Mrs. FRASER was by birth richly endowed. Her grandfather came of old Scots-Irish stock; her father was born in New England; her mother in New York; she herself, sister of MARION CRAWFORD, was, like him, born in Rome and educated in Italy. She lived there up to her marriage, atmospherically and socially in the sunshine. From her earliest years fate and good fortune brought her in personal contact with prominent men and women, who little suspected the close study to which they were subjected in succession by child, girl and woman. To a keen eye for deserving character is added the gift of presenting a vivid portrait in a few touches. One thinks in reading some of the passages what a splendid special correspondent she would have made. In addition to pen-and-ink portraits, there is (on pp. 59, 60) a marvellous picture of Rome on the day when, the Pope disestablished, VICTOR EMMANUEL entered the city as conqueror, and "the Tiber rose in its wrath and turned all the lower portion of the house into a turgid yellow sea." In this incident Mrs. FRASER, above all things a good Catholic, discerned a preternatural protest against the desecration of the Vatican. Her strong prejudices in respect of forms of religion and political partisanship sometimes lead her astray. Angrily denouncing action by the Foreign Office in 1878, which, she says, "roused a storm of indignation all through the diplomatic family," she bitterly adds, "It took place under a Liberal Ministry, of course." In 1878 Lord BEACONSFIELD was Prime Minister, and the Marquis of SALISBURY Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

I don't know when I have encountered a grimmer story, after its own quiet, domestic fashion, than *The Valley Captives* (MURRAY). Miss R. MACAULAY's picture of rural existence in Wales haunts one afterwards like a nightmare. Her skill and the obvious sincerity of her manner naturally make its effect worse. Perhaps hitherto you have vaguely thought of the Welsh as a people living chiefly upon furnished apartments, with a flourishing export trade in picture post-cards and politicians? Miss MACAULAY will show them to you as "captives," victims of boredom unspeakable, and consumed with a black hatred of one another, lightened only by flashes of intoxication. At

least, these were the conditions of the *Bodger-Vallon* household, and we are left to suppose it not untypical of the rest. The *Vallon* father having married the *Bodger* mother, each brought two children, a boy and a girl, to the joint home; and of these four, the *Bodgers*, stronger and coarser, persecuted the *Vallons*, *Tudor* and *John* (it is one of my smaller grudges against the book that a girl should be confusingly named *John*), till their existence became a misery. Thus *Tudor*, with all his bright and happy possibilities—the author, you see, spares us no aspect of her tragedy—is maimed, by circumstance and the *Bodgers*, into a gloomy and drunken coward. Eventually he tries to kill *Philip Bodger*, and, failing, flings away his own life to save the girl-*Bodger* and *John* from a carriage accident pre-arranged by the latter. Life in Wales, according to Miss MACAULAY, is like that. I wonder!

Whatever else you feel concerning *America—Through English Eyes* (STANLEY PAUL), you cannot refuse sympathy to an author who, having promised herself (and possibly

her publisher) that she would encounter and criticise the real American, has to admit, "I never met him." "When I specially desired to confuse an American citizen," she says in her agreeably frank way, "I would ask him gravely: 'Can you tell me where I can meet a real American?' 'Why—here; right away,' he would answer. And then I would point out that he was of Dutch, or Russian, or Irish, or French, or Polish, or Scandinavian, or Italian origin. That was not what I wanted." In her vain quest for a real specimen of the native, she visited New York, Washington and

Boston, and records her ingenuous "impressions" of these cities, faithfully explaining that taxi-cabs are expensive to hire, that tram-car conductors shy at "Please" and "Thank you," and that you cannot get your boots cleaned at the hotel. Fresh as these observations are, we might have had something even fresher if only she had not had to put up, throughout, with the sham article. However, the elusiveness of her object does not seem to have prevented her from having a fairly good time. The only real trouble with America, as seen through "Rita's" eyes, is that it is not typically American.

"Vladivostok was found to be unsuitable, being sea-bound for too many months of the year to become a first-class naval base."

*Sheffield Daily Independent.*

Southend is nearer the ideal.

## In the Public Eye.

From a Reuter's telegram, published in Cairo:—

"The nonagenarian Dean of St. Paul's has resigned."

It will be seen that Reuter does not specify the nature of the Dean's present or of his previous fall.



PRIVATE LIFE OF OUR PUBLIC MEN.

4. THE PROTEAN ACTOR PRACTISES ECONOMY BY TAKING THE DOUBLE RÔLE OF HIMSELF AND HIS BUTLER.